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Nohl's "Youth of Beethoven."

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BEETHOVEN'S LEBEN, von LUDWIG NOHL. Erster Band: *Die Jugend, 1770-92.* (Wien. Markgraf, 1864.)

When, in 1859, the Life of Beethoven by A. B. MARX appeared, many may have hoped to see their long cherished wish fulfilled, that at last a picture of the Master's life was built up on firm foundations, and the correct points of view afforded of the development of his creative power. How sadly they were deceived, was thoroughly and decisively proved by A. W. THAYER in a criticism,* which was given in German in the 68th and following pages of the *Deutsche Musikzeitung* for 1861, and which closes with the result, that Beethoven's Biography still remained to be written. The hopes, thus demolished, however, may have been immediately revived by the fact, that the minute knowledge of facts and circumstances relating to Beethoven, evidently resting upon his own researches, which Thayer exhibited, pointing him out as having a special vocation for the task; and indeed it soon came out, that he was actually engaged in the work. But it was already known that a Life of Beethoven was to be expected from the pen of Herr OTTO JAHN; his preface to the "Mozart" hints this, and divers articles (upon *Fidelio*, the complete edition of Beethoven's works, &c.) have appeared since as *avant couriers*, so to speak, of the work.

Thus, then, whatever was necessary for the memory and the due estimation of Beethoven was perfectly provided for, and the only question now was when the completed works would lie before the public. Suddenly the musical journals announce that Herr LUDWIG NOHL is busy with the labors preparatory to a Life of Beethoven, and no long time passes, before the first part of the work, under the special title "Beethoven's youth," nicely printed, lies before us. Herr Nohl has given the musical public knowledge of his existence through various writings prepared during the last few years. In quick succession have appeared:—in 1860, "Mozart, a contribution to musical Aesthetics"; 1861, "The Soul (*Geist*) of the Musical Art"; 1862, "The Magic Flute"; 1863, "Mozart"; this last, a Biography, is reviewed in No. 17 of the last volume of this *Zeitung*.† Whoever has looked through these works or had patience to read them, to him Nohl's

* The article here referred to, when it appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, caused great dissatisfaction with its author among the admirers of Marx. Its effect upon being published in Germany was such, that Marx rewrote his work throughout, and the present Translator has been told by a German bookseller, that, upon the appearance of the second edition, notice was given that owners of the first could have the privilege of exchange gratis.

† The reviewer proves conclusively the result to which he comes, viz.: "Herr Nohl has contented himself simply with, in part, copying out the work of Jahn, and, in part, epitomizing it." Nohl's book is in fact a most brazen plagiarism in all its facts, while its attempts at criticism seem to be intended as burlesques of Oulibichef, Lenz, &c., such utter nonsense are they.

vocation to become the Biographer of Beethoven must seem, for a two-fold reason, in the highest degree doubtful.

First, the absolute dependence upon other writers in the historic parts of his productions, especially the Mozart, to which he yields himself, and his frequent citations of long passages of their works, particularly out of Jahn's Mozart, leave it in doubt whether he has any conception of the obligations and dignity of scientific investigation. And then, the views, which he has hitherto promulgated in relation to Beethoven, hardly allow any unprejudiced estimation of the Master to be expected from his pen. We let pass in general here the turgid and bombastic phrase-making of Nohl's aesthetics, which nowhere holds to any given technical principles, but refers every phenomenon at once to the "history of the human soul;" but the manner in which it has shown itself in relation to Beethoven is, for our present object, worth recalling to mind.

Thus, then, we read in his first publication, p. 46: "But just this superabundant affluence of thought (in Beethoven's Sonatas), especially in the Adagios, far too often hinders their transparency and free movement—a certain wooden effect (!) is not avoided,—a clear statement of the musical idea is not attained." On page 50 [of the same first publication] Mozart's and Beethoven's natures are compared; the former had life-warm blood in his veins, the other—*ichor*, like Homer's Gods. Hence, p. 53, *Fidelio*, compared with Mozart's operas, comes off badly; the forms have not gained independence of the orchestra; the music does not necessarily belong to the situation; and where it "does go with the action, it has a wooden tone—something empty"—not intimately adapted to the words. Compared with Belmont and Constanza,* *Fidelio* and Florestan seem "to have at best fish blood (*ichor*?) in their veins." With all this there is no want of fantastic exclamations upon Beethoven's greatness, which, however, is for the most part sought outside the sphere of music.

In his second publication the strong contradictions retire somewhat into the background. On p. 154 it is said, though, that Beethoven's imperfect instruction in counterpoint is to be remarked in many a later work of his (also by Herr Nohl?); and, p. 209, all sorts of faults are found in the great Mass [the *Missa Solemnis*]; that the author has changed his main opinions, however, it nowhere appears.

But whoever, in consequence of all this, might naturally expect in Nohl's Beethoven to find a view of his character, à la Oulibichef, let him open the book without anxiety. Beethoven has in the meantime become the type of the German folk; he is the representative of the grand, compelling ideas of his time; to the edifice raised by his predecessors, he has added the tower, necessary to its perfection; ‡ "Beethoven was to be the first who should bring this art into the sphere of

* In Mozart's opera, "*Die Entführung aus dem Serail*."

† A plagiarism from Reichardt.

the highest human intellectual achievements" (p. 288). "Beethoven's genius alone had power so to carry out the great work of Mozart, viz., the development in tones of the depth of human feeling—that not only music but humanity was a gainer,"‡ (p. 235). These vague and hyperbolic utterances may doubtless awaken doubt, whether the conversion of Nohl is real spiritual progress; we have therefore to examine, whether in his work as a whole, it has produced good fruit.

The preface instructs us as to the object of the work; in contradistinction to his Mozart, Nohl has now to seek for himself, in the main, his materials, and to lay his own foundations. The fact that this had not previously been adequately done, leads him into a critical enumeration of previous works upon Beethoven. While speaking of the printed Biographies, he mentions also the "Fischhoff manuscript" as he calls a collection, now in Berlin, of written notices upon Beethoven, exceedingly various in character, which after his death was made by friends, preparatory to a biography. One would naturally think that this would fall under the head of original sources. On the other hand, Nohl does great wrong in omitting here a work, which for him, as he afterwards says—and in a far higher degree than he says—has been of important service to him throughout. It is an article upon Beethoven's youth in the Brussels "*Revue Britannique*," Vol. 4, 1861, pt. 1, of which Nohl says, in a note (p. 364), it is written not without knowledge of the subject, and, a few errors excepted*, throughout trustworthy. The article is, however, but a translation of one originally written in English for the Boston *Atlantic Monthly* (1858, No. 7, p. 847 et seq.), and its author no other than A. W. Thayer. Whatever is given on the basis of this article, clearly gains, on this account, in value—not, to be sure, to Nohl's credit—who, since he expresses the hope, that his book will be for the history of music, and not alone for that, of "importance as an original authority," is bound first of all to examine and give his own authorities conscientiously.

The work is intended to be in four volumes; three of them Biography, one for the consideration of Beethoven's compositions. These proportions, as well as the entire principle of separating the

* That Herr Nohl cuts such capers without any particular scruples, he has shown, among various instances, in a recent article in the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*, wherein he pleads for Richard Wagner as director of the Munich Conservatory, on the ground, that "the hopes of progress of the entire German nation are bound up in him." —

* Thayer's article was written at a time when he had but the previously written biographical sketches and some valuable newspaper notices, disinterred by him, for authorities. What a flood of light has been thrown upon the whole subject of Beethoven's early history, and what a multitude of errors in those authorities, and consequently in his *Atlantic* article he has been enabled to correct, by the results of his subsequent researches, especially in the archives at Düsseldorf, his "*Beethoven*," Vol. I, amply shows. Hence it is strange that, in the work of the German Nohl, written some five years later, one seeks in vain for a correction of any important one of all those errors.

master's creations, the grand events of his life, from the life itself, must arouse the strongest doubts whether the author really comprehends his task.

The first volume, now lying before us, contains Beethoven's youth—from 1770 to 1792, and that, too, divided into three periods, of which Herr Nohl treats in the same number of books. The first book has a sub-title, "Dreams." If those which follow—"Dawn" [*Dämmerung*] and "Awaking"—did not stand in connection with this first, there would be temptation to believe that the author is referring to his own dreams.

Much-promising and emphatic begins the first chapter, entitled "Lower Rhineland," thus:—

"In the not great number of men, in whom that which is peculiar to the German character [*Wesen*] has impressed itself in all its significance, and who just on this account have come to be world-historical personages, belongs pre-eminently also Ludwig van Beethoven."

And now, in a long dissertation, the nature of the German intellect [*Geist*] and its influence upon the history of humanity, is placed before us; the Germans, in contradistinction to the ancient peoples, had "considered the world more especially from an intellectual point of view," had "striven to spiritualize the earthly."

The virtues as well as the vices of the German native character are referred back to this primal cause, viz., ideal conceptions of the world, and the contradictions which naturally follow thereupon, and at once applied to Beethoven, of whom until now not a word has been heard. Self-consciousness, pride, choleric fire, contentiousness [*Rauflust*] (in Beethoven's case, dogmatism in disputing), vagabondism [*Abenteuer*] (in B.'s case, the fondness for changing his lodgings and for going his own ways), love of strong drink—every German characteristic—all, combined with the beautiful and noble phases of the German nature, are found in Beethoven.

Should any one question the right of Herr Nohl to employ such high-sounding, all-embracing forms of speech—let him not be disturbed. Vischer, also cited by Nohl, must, in the second part of his "Aesthetics," take all the responsibility. But what perversity is this—to begin Beethoven's biography with Cæsar and Tacitus and trace back the composer of the *Eroica* to the idea of Germanism!

The picture of German character becomes, p. 11, special and is applied to Beethoven's native country, that of the Lower Rhine. Now follow the commonly received, but in fact very doubtful, distinctions between North and South Germany, according to which the intellectual, earnest element, combined with a certain slowness, are characteristic of the former,—but certainly not of the people of the Rhine. But, according to Nohl, and in contradistinction to the Westphalians, "those clod-like, inactive friends of ham and pumpnickel," as he—himself a Westphalian and therefore an unprejudiced judge—calls them on p. 16, these Rhinelanders have the capacity to give to life form and artistic expression. Here he pictures the gay temperament of this people, their festivals and dances, their tables d'hôte, their wine.* The Rhenish appetite is a fully

* For example: "Let the Romans call it unripe, this wine; the heat, which ripens it, is great enough, to produce that ethereal oil, which gives it fragrance and poesy, and yet not so great as, on the other, to overcook just this finest quality. Bouquet alone makes a wine noble," &c., &c., p. 19.

marked characteristic of Beethoven (p. 355) he is altogether an ideal of the race (p. 21).

Upon this geographic-ethnographic basis for a view of Beethoven's character follows the history; a second chapter, headed "Ancien regime," displays the political and social condition at the close of the last century. Here, too, Nohl assumes the air of the profound historian and politician, treats of the grand object and duties of a State, "this universal schoolhouse of humanity" (p. 29), "which has not, like a night-patrol, merely to protect the citizen in his material existence" (p. 22), but to promote his higher development; he points in a few words to the revolutions of States in the progress of history, emphasizes the importance of the Reformation, and then dwells more fully upon sovereignty in the time of Louis XIV. and during the last century. He bemoans the narrowness of view of the people of that era, and the consequent decay of good morals; but, "to comfort those who make themselves familiar with history," he lays stress upon the point, that in such times the intellect seeks activity in other directions. Bach, Handel, Lessing, represent this intellectual struggle; Art flourished, an ideal tendency made itself felt in opinion and action, Goethe and Mozart appeared. The French Encyclopaedists aid in explaining the mental revolution; as the first of political acts of the century appears the Declaration of Independence of the American colonies, at a time when "the majority of Teutonic fogies [*Philister*] were busy casting their theological skins," (p. 39), and thus a picture of mighty intellectual and political wrestling stands displayed, which is to give us a basis for the comprehension of Beethoven, "the grandest progressive man of that century," (p. 43).

The dumfounded reader asks for object and aim in these reflections in a biography of Beethoven; he is still more astonished, when he learns, that the fountain whence, here and elsewhere, Herr Nohl has drawn his historic and political radicalism, is no other than Johann Scherr's "*Blücher und seine Zeit*" [Blücher and his Times]. The industry of Scherr may deserve credit—his tendency and coloring find admirers, as this case shows,—but nothing can mark more strongly Nohl's utter want of judgment and taste, than his taking a work of this character as a basis for the biography of an artist. Naturally, he is satisfied with this one *vade mecum*; and to avail himself of other not unknown representations by Hauser, Perthes, &c., or of independent researches of his own—this never occurs to him.

By degrees, however, Herr Nohl must draw nearer to the real task before him. The thought that great artists for the most part have had their birth in ancient seats of culture (Bach, Haydn (?), Lessing, Schiller (?), brings him (p. 46) to Bonn as such (?). Here, then, he first goes back to old Roman times, next notices the elevation of Bonn to the position of Capital of the Electorate, describes the spirit which here developed itself, and condemns in strong expressions the dissoluteness of the Electors Joseph Clemens and Clemens August, word for word after Scherr. At last he comes to Maximilian Frederick (1761--1784) and his minister Belderbusch, for whose history the *Rheinische Antiquarius*, III. 7, p. 526 et seq., is a rich source, which he also uses where he says nothing about it. For instance, when he prints, p. 56, the passage from the English trav-

eller, Swinburn, and the funeral discourse of Peter Anth., p. 52, he might well have told us, that he had taken both from the *Rheinische Antiquarius*.

Now it was Max Friedrich who first discovered and promoted the budding talents of Beethoven; that brings the author, p. 58, to the Elector's interest in his music and theatre. And here he has really made an approach to some work of his own, and has brought together out of the *Gotha Theater Calendar*, the *Electoral Court Calendar*, Forkel's *Musical Almanac*, the reports by Neefe in Cramer's Magazine, and other similar sources, notices of the members of the theatrical company and the orchestra, which, though not complete, nor even digested into a clear picture, had not been previously collected thus, and contain some useful information. Beethoven's father and grandfather are here first named, as well as his first teachers.*

After this long introduction, "which rather resembles a journey in a post coach of the last century, than a modern railroad tour" (p. 69), Nohl will explain to us the effect of all these relations and circumstances upon the development of Beethoven. And so begins, p. 70, the story of Beethoven's birth and youth; we remark in the outset, that Nohl for all his facts is dependent upon Wegeler's† "*Notizen*" and still more upon the article by Thayer, mentioned above, and often adopts word for word their statements, without giving credit; we could name many passages of the kind did space allow. What is really his own, is almost exclusively the long æsthetic reflections and fantasies, the nature of which is well-enough known from his former writings. After repeating the well known facts in relation to the family and to the childhood of Beethoven, with the necessary embellishments,‡ Herr Nohl comes to his teacher, Neefe, and, with right, thinks it proper to give us an account of the man. Although he had most excellent materials for this in Neefe's autobiography (*Allg. Mus. Zeitung*, I. p. 247 et seq.), he has not succeeded in giving a clear picture of him as a man and an artist; the manner, in which he speaks of Neefe's style in composition, leaves it doubtful whether he has really made himself acquainted with the works, which he mentions as still in existence. Without any sufficient reason, he disputes Wegeler's statement, that Neefe had little influence upon Beethoven, and that the latter had often complained of the former's too severe criticism; but he here gives the rein to his fancy and talks

* Thayer's introduction to his Beethoven is a chronological, minute and (to the American and English reader) tedious history of the music and theatrical establishment of the Electors at Bonn, beginning at the commencement of the last century and continued to the year 1784. He uses the above named authorities but draws his materials for the most part from the original documents in the Düsseldorf Archives. Besides the notices of, and documents relating to the Beethovens, which this introduction contains, it has a special claim upon the attention of the reader, as being the only work from which can be obtained an adequate idea of the constitution and regulations of the many similar establishments in Germany, which were real, and, down to this century, the only conservatories of music. The whole is however kept separate from the Biography, and can be omitted by the reader.

† Thus Wegeler mentions three brothers of Beethoven, and Nohl, of course, no more; while Thayer adds two sisters and a brother to the family, with names and dates of birth and death, all found by him in the records at Bonn.

‡ Of the grandfather Ludwig van Beethoven, of whom very little is known (this was written before the publication of Thayer's book), it is stated, p. 74, that he had "proved, while still a boy, that success in life is founded only upon independent action,"—that is, he had run away from home.

much of Neeffe's supposed mode of instruction—as he is always extremely ready to supply the want of facts by improbable assumptions.

In this connection, Beethoven's first works, the three pianoforte Sonatas, which appeared in 1783, dedicated to the Elector, come under notice, and upon these Herr Nohl reads us a short discourse. In the same connection Thayer had introduced (in the *Atlantic Article*) Dwight's opinion of these Sonatas. That the reader may see with what *naïveté* Herr Nohl copies not only facts but the opinions of others, we place the two side by side:

Nohl, p. 94.

"They are in fact important as the work of a child, for they speak out the ideas, of which the youthful fancy was capable, in a style so clear, decided and transparent, so logical and organic, that one easily sees, how well Neeffe understood the duties of the midwife to this genius. . . . The Sonatas have original ideas, they announce a decided sense of form, yes, for the so difficult organism of this particular form."

Dwight, as copied by Thayer, p. 851, *Atl. Monthly*.

"These Sonatas, for a boy's work, are indeed remarkable. They are *bona fide* compositions. There is no vagueness about them. . . . He has ideas positive and well pronounced, and he proceeds to develop them in a manner at once spontaneous and logical. Verily, the boy possessed the vital secret of the Sonata form; he had seized its organic principle."

After mentioning some of Beethoven's earliest compositions, among which Herr Nohl will place the *Bagatelles*, op. 33, there follows a chapter with the heading "School-Education;" but he will greatly err, who expects anything satisfactory here upon Beethoven's artistic culture. Starting from the fact that Beethoven at that period had zealously played Bach's "*Wohltemperirtes Klavier*," Nohl dreams away through several pages upon Bach's influence on Beethoven; to be sure this is not recognized in the earlier works, and moreover Beethoven has rarely spoken of Bach; but, then, it was just that, which was most in accordance with his own nature, of which he was least conscious; his later works, especially the *Missa Solemnis*, show according to Nohl, this influence clearly. Now everybody, who knows Beethoven, knows that no such direct influence of Bach upon his productions exists. Not until his last works did he often employ the art of polyphony, and then with a purpose; in the beginning and middle of his career, both in form and matter, he staid on the ground of the Haydn-Mozart development. The deeply religious spirit of Bach, which Nohl especially dwells upon, was certainly not represented in his pianoforte works; and they were all that Beethoven in his earlier years knew of him. Whoever thinks he sees this influence deeply pervading the *Missa Solemnis*, has understood neither that work nor the spirit of Bach's church music.

For Herr Nohl, however, so certain is this influence, that he deems it necessary to go into a consideration of Bach's character and of the rise and progress of church music. The phases of this progress he makes contemporaneous with the revolutions in the church, whose essence he thus, p. 104, paints: "It is thoroughly characteristic, that the church of the Middle Age, for the central point, as of its ceremonial, so of all its thought and sentiment, took *woman* with her tendency to good, so that even in our times a more naïve apprehension of the sensual produces life and gaiety in all southern countries; while, on the other hand, the new church proposes (in Christ) the *man*, with his self-conscious will for

the good, as the ideal of human effort." Thus Nohl—the profound theologian. The first period is represented by Palestrina, &c.; the second by Bach. Contemporaneously, the effort to blend the two together—the spiritual-intellectual and the worldly-sensual—the Northern and the Southern—led to the invention of the Opera (p. 107). The new conception of the world, among the Germans, rooted itself more in the depths of the sentiments, in the heart; but Bach was not yet reached by this novel emotion.

After laying down these new principles, Herr Nohl turns again to Beethoven, and discourses upon his education. This was scanty; Beethoven always remained unskillful in Arithmetic, knew but little Latin, a little more French. History? "If shortly before 1848 a Kohlrausch was allowed to teach history in the Prussian schools" (p. 113), certainly in Beethoven's time the public must have been sadly off. But then his going to a common school brought him nearer to the people, hindered him from knowing the upper classes exclusively; yes, he was also the first (before Haydn?) who introduced popular human ennobled into music. The unfortunate circumstances of his family might well have hardened him; his pursuit of music was not of a character to refine and purify him (p. 116, and yet, just before, we are to take as a fact the deep impression upon him made by Bach;) a noble compensation for all these deficiencies was supplied by the Breuning family, about whom he has brought together, p. 117, the well-known facts of Wegeler's *Notizen*.* Here Beethoven made his acquaintance with German literature—according to Nohl, especially with Klopstock, Goethe and "his brother in spirit" Schiller. Much, however, he might have already learned in the Electoral theatre; for no one understands Beethoven until he reflects upon the influence which the dramatic art exerted upon him; his music, like all real music, is everywhere dramatic.** "As music, in fact, is a part of what constitutes speech, separated from it and elevated to independent importance, so the invention of opera*** and with it the development of all the modern music has its origin in dramatic declamation;" ****melody itself was suggested by the recitation of the drama (p. 129;) a glance into history proves it. [!] How may Mozart have been inspired when visiting the Burgtheater! Ph. Em. Bach learned from the drama to compose characteristic music for instruments; because Haydn had not opportunity to see so much, he never reached the dramatic expression of Mozart; moreover Reichardt learned from the drama his perfect declamation [!]; and at length Beethoven! Are not his Symphonies real dramatic paintings? (p. 132.) But then that is natural, since Beethoven, working in the orchestra as viola player (which it is true we do not expressly know until 1789) had early learned a great deal. There follows now a list of performances in Bonn, drawn up from the *Theater kalender*, from which it is really interesting to learn that among them were works of Mozart and Gluck. That Beethoven never spoke upon any such youthful

*Thayer's chapter on the Breunings not only adds much to Wegeler's interesting facts, but shows conclusively that Nohl is several years out of the way in his chronology.

**The reader must not forget that all this is Nohl's nonsense; not the reviewer's.

***An expression from Vischer. ~~See~~

****A very slight study of Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time," or any work of like character is all that is necessary to blow Nohl's ridiculous theories to the winds.

impressions, gives Herr Nohl very little trouble—the memory of them had vanished; or he had no occasion to talk about them.

We have already advanced into the following periods: it must therefore be noted, that on the 15th April, 1784, Max Friedrich died. Shortly before Beethoven had petitioned for the appointment of assistant Court Organist;* his petition however was rejected; a fact hitherto unknown, which Nohl obtained from the document obtained from the provincial archives at Düsseldorf, and prints p. 385. One is rejoiced at last to hear something new about Beethoven; only it is strange, that heretofore his organ playing had had but a passing mention. Upon the whole, at this point, where Nohl closes his period of "dreams," we must with regret lay stress upon the fact that he has taken so little pains to give us a vivid and characteristic picture of the character and disposition of the boy on the basis of the known data. The high political and humanitarian principles, with which he at a later date fills him, must, so far as possible, have been noticeable in the boy; but how we are to conceive of him in his intercourse with others, how his talents and musical taste exhibited themselves in his early years, what sort of a boy he was—on these points Nohl knows nothing to say.

(Conclusion next time.)

*Thayer's narrative—very full on this point—shows, that, so far from rejecting this petition, the Elector appointed the boy to the place. This was some months before Max Franz came to Bonn and three years before the advent there of Count Waldstein.

A Contribution to the History of Oratorio.

BY EMIL NAUMANN.

(Continued.)

Were it allowable to compare two poets of such different periods of civilization, we should call Handel the Homer of Music, but certainly not place him, as Gervinus does, with Shakespeare. It is true that, up to his fiftieth year, we find Handel devoting himself to dramatic as well as other compositions. But all his operas cannot do more than convince us very plainly that his genius had not yet found its proper sphere. While his operas have disappeared entirely from the stage, and sunk so low in the memory of the public that it is only now and then that one or other of the airs contained in them—however plainly many of them give evidence of genius—is performed as a musical rarity, his Oratorios have preserved all their freshness, and still remain the central points of the performances given by the Singing Academies of Germany and of the national musical festivals celebrated every year both in Germany and England. Lately, they have forced their way even to America, Sweden, Russia—and Paris itself. We may, therefore, assert that Handel's popularity, as a composer of Oratorios, is still on the increase, just as much as we feel certain that it will continue for all time. That which misled Gervinus into comparing Handel with Shakespeare was, probably, on the one hand, the profuse abundance of the poetical creative power, with which Handel, in the same elastic and invariably objective manner as Shakespeare, treated subjects so different as were his oratorios of *Deborah*, *Ether*, *Athalie*, *Susannah*, *Theodora*, *Semele*, *Samson*, *Solomon*, *Saul*, *Joseph*, *Judas Macabean*, *Joshua*, *Jephtha*, *Belshazzar*, *Hercules*, *Alexander's Feast*, *Acis and Galatea*, *The Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt*, etc.; and, on the other, the fact that he is the only man who in artistic genius surpassed all his English contemporaries, as, a century and a half previously, Shakespeare had surpassed his. Lastly, perhaps, Gervinus was misled by the dramatic force of expression in many of the airs, and, more especially, of the choruses of the above Oratorios, as well as the partiality, evinced in an equal degree by Handel and by Shakespeare, to glorify great national deeds and heroic individuals. This partiality we have already explained in Handel by the nature of the epic poet; but the dramatic element in Handel's Oratorios never goes beyond the limits of the musical *Epos*, nay, we might almost say that even the way in which it is introduced and treated is characteristic of that entire class of production. How dramatically effective, for instance, is

*A fact recorded by Neeffe in Cramer's Magazine.

the chorus in *Israel*, "Das Ross und den Reiter hat er in das Meer gestürzt." The continuous heightening of the movement and feeling portrayed cause the tremendous event to become truth to our inward eye; we are actually spectators shuddering, though of good courage, but spectators thanks to the power of a picture, which by its very boundlessness and freedom inflamed our fancy to the pitch of illusion. Were we to place this chorus on the stage, it would drag; it would be heavy and undramatic from the very breadth, mode of execution, and climax, which we now admire in it. When Homer makes Achilles and Agamemnon work each other up, in the midst of the Achaeans, till they begin twitching at their swords, this, too, is dramatic, but how undramatic would the respective speeches and answers of the two heroes be, if placed unaltered on the stage. Even *The Messiah*, the only really religious oratorio by Handel, is treated epically. While Bach restricts himself to the Passion, Handel shows us the Redeemer, from the announcement of his coming by St. John the Baptist, and the heralding of his birth by the Angels to the shepherds at Bethlehem, until the time of his sufferings and the Resurrection. Nevertheless, in this instance, where he undertook to treat a purely Christian subject, Handel is surpassed by Bach not simply on the whole, but even in a certain plasticity of exposition and dramatic weight of expression. This simply proves once more where the full power of each of the two great masters really lay with regard to Oratorio. We must not forget, moreover, that Handel was prevented by English notions from introducing Christ, Pilate, the Disciples, and the Jews, personally, and speaking according to the Scripture-text, by which Bach, who could venture on so doing, enjoyed a far more favorable opportunity for the development of dramatic expression, and that, too, in a sphere which was the permanent home of his soul. The central point of Handel's production was, on the contrary, the history of the struggles of the Jewish people for their freedom, intellectual and material, though in saying thus much we would not disparage the undoubtedly unique beauties of *The Messiah*. The struggles in question became for Handel heroic poems, just as the struggles of the Greeks and Trojans did for Homer. Still more evidently does Handel approach the classical Epicopee in *Hercules*, *Alexander's Feast*, *Theodora*, *Semele*, and *Acis and Galatea*. We have here to do with the classical traditions directly furnished him by the period of the Renaissance; as is shown by the titles of his operas, among which we will mention only *Daphne*, *Admetus*, *Theseus*, *Alceste*, *Alexander Severus*, *Agrippina Nero*, *Julius Caesar*, *Mucius Scaevola*, *Parthenope*, *Xerxes*, *Porus*, *Titus*, *Pharamond*, *Atalanta*, and *Berenice*.

Just as in plastic art the Renaissance merged into the tie-wig time, after Handel Oratorio sank from the height it had attained through him and his brother Dioscurus, Bach; only the process did not take place in music, as the youngest of the arts, for a century after it had taken place in architecture, sculpture, and painting.* Handel's time (1684-1759), therefore, was called by us the Renaissance period, only as regards music, since plastic art at this epoch was beginning to lose itself in the Rococo period. In the second half of the 18th century, that is, strange to say, immediately before Mozart and Beethoven, a similar decadence set in for music, and especially for oratorio. As the leading masters of the tie-wig time in music we may mention Hasse, called by the Italians "the divine Saxon" (born 1699, near Ham-burg; died 1783 in Dresden), and Graun (born 1701 in Saxony; died in Berlin, 1759), the favorite of Frederick the Great. The oratorios of both these masters go back again, as regards their purport and subject, to the specifically Christian cycles: to the Passion, Interment, Resurrection, etc., and hence in this respect follow Bach, who, as we have seen, was the hero of Christian Oratorio, though from an artistic point of view they cannot be compared to him in the remotest degree. In the path opened up by Handel we find, on the other hand, our great Joseph Haydn, who, by *The Creation* and *The Seasons*, once more enriched and extended the range of subjects for Oratorio. Those works, which a light and airy style of instrumentation, together with a charming treatment of the landscape and genre elements in nature, invented with new and epoch-marking effect, hold the same position with regard to Handel's masterpieces that oil-paintings occupy to the pediments, filled in with marble groups, of ancient temples, or that the romance, which as a child of modern times sprang from the Epos, holds to this self-same Epos. In the present century, the high and pure style of Oratorio bore an after-crop of blossom, though only Epigonian, thanks to Bernhard Klein and Felix Mendelssohn, but they have been followed by no composer fit to be compared to them.

The comparison attempted by us of all the known composers of oratorio, numbering over 250, from the

15th century up to the present time, establishes the fact that Germany was always the principal country for the development and cultivation of this class of work. Next came Italy, though, as we are aware, with quite another tendency. Oratorio appears to have progressed most slowly in France, a country which, in other branches of music, could be honorably mentioned with Germany and Italy. In Germany again, we find the majority of oratorio composers in the North, that is to say, in the native-land of Protestantism. Of such composers as became known in Germany in the 17th century, two-thirds are from North Germany; while, in the 18th century, we find there even as many as four fifths,—among them being the coryphæi, Bach and Handel, from Eisenach and Halle. Even the remaining ones in South Germany belong mostly to the Protestant provinces, namely, Franconia, Swabia, Baden, and the Middle Rhine, while Bavaria and the Austriaco-German provinces appear almost entirely destitute. Haydn is, therefore, a striking and isolated exception. The oratorio-composers born in the 15th and 16th centuries were nearly all natives of Saxony and Thuringia. It is, therefore, in the centre of Germany, the cradle of Protestantism, that we perceive the cradle of Oratorio. If we recollect moreover, how evidently all our literature is a result of the deliverance of men's minds achieved by the Reformation, we shall again perceive the closely related development of poetry and music, as well as the endless importance, not merely in a specifically Christian sense, of Luther's art for our own nation and the whole civilized world.

*Proof of this is furnished by Christopher Gluck (1714-1787), inasmuch as he became the father of the classical musical drama which sprang from the Antique, and freed Opera from the old beaten path.

OFFENBACH'S LAST CANCAN-ETTE. Mr. Chorley is evidently of our opinion about the musical and moral worthlessness of the whole "Grand Duchess" tribe of so called operas. The London *Athenæum*, Jan. 4, contains the following review.

Robinson Crusoe: Opéra Comique, en Trois Actes et Cinq Tableaux. Paroles de F. Cormon et Hector Crémieux; Musique de J. Offenbach. (Paris, Brandus.)

A blackleg, let the need be ever so pressing, can, by no ingenuity, metamorphose himself into a gentleman. Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs could only impose on persons as innocent as the inmates of the Wakefield Vicarage. No amateur could have reasonably expected an oratorio from Herr Strauss, the waltz composer, great though his genius was. Nature must be subdued to what it works in. If illustration of these trite facts were wanted, it could not be better found than in the opera before us, which, to believe the assertions of its proprietors, is convulsing with delight crowds at the theatre in which it has been produced. We have again and again been assured that in 'Robinson Crusoe' M. Offenbach would vindicate himself as a composer capable of better things than burlesques, and we were willing to give him the benefit of the doubt. We are obliged now for this to substitute the discredit of the certainty that he is in 'Robinson' precisely what and where he was in 'La Grande-Duchesse.' This piece, as that was, is coarse and flimsy music to a coarse and flimsy story. Levity without elegance cannot be more distinctly expressed.

The vulgarity of some of the words passes all description. There is a Sunday party, at which "le whisky," "le thé," "les sandwiches" figure. There is a cookery book ditty, by Jim Cokes, on the savoury subject of "Pot au feu." Vulgarest of all is the duet betwixt the inevitable *soubrette* and her suitor (how gross as compared with the *Fatima* and *Scherazmin* of Mr. Planche's 'Oberon!') The two are on the point of being eaten alive by cannibals, and begin by singing how the same spit on which they are to be roasted will unite two hearts. And then they quarrel as to which of the pair, supposing only one of them skowered for the roast, should survive his or her mate, and each of the two presses to be the survivor, on the pretext that prolonged grief over a tomb is less endurable than being basted, not to say crunched half raw. To this have we come, in the most graceful, lively, and popular theatre of Paris!

The tendency of M. Offenbach's muse to deck rubbish, however explicable on the score of profit, is doubly inexcusable in a man who began life as a delicate and individual artist, and it cannot be too severely stigmatized. In this, his newest opera, he has tried, it is obvious, here and there to write with care, as in the first finale, p. 119, and the second one, p. 211, especially from p. 223 to the close of the movement. The symphonic *entr'acte* (p. 130) is almost as ambitious in its attempts at combination as

the suppressed hunting-scene in 'Les Troyens' of M. Berlioz, and we doubt not it is scored effectively; but it is strained, strange and patchy. Compare it, for instance, with the first movement of Spohr's "Consecration of Sound." Symphony, where the harmonies and melodies of Nature are indicated with such freedom, yet with such perfect submission to musical form and order. Affectation (not without cleverness) cannot be pushed much further than in pages 75 to 80 in the *quatuor* No. 4. We could multiply examples *ad infinitum* were it needed. What may be called the popular portions of the opera are forced and faded. The music of the savages is made brutal enough by the well-worn trick of an unexpected interval, thrust in with rude persistence. The Sunday Round, including the "whiskey, tea, and sandwiches," has some life in its motions, but the theme is as old as the hills. Perhaps the best movement is the *stretto* (p. 161 to 169) of the duet between *Robinson and Friday*; but that there is not one real melody, even of the modish French kind, from first to last, must be felt by any one who compares the best specimen which 'Robinson' contains with such a tune as the *rondo* in Adam's 'Postillon,' or the song in his 'La Reine d'un Jour.' We have measured the present with the past comic composer on a former occasion, and cannot make the point of our present strictures clearer and keener than by repeating the comparison. The prominence given to this paltry opera is the reason why an amount of minute attention is necessary, which its intrinsic merits in no respect deserve. But the most emphatic protest, it may be feared, will not avail much to arrest a downward movement, cheered on by a frivolous, and as regards art, degraded public.

Taste in "The Metropolis."

"Let me make the songs of a people and I care not who makes its laws." This is a very piquant sentence, if it be not always wise or true. But a people may be judged oftentimes by the entertainments they like, the books they read, the songs they listen to, the plays they crowd to, and the kind of art they encourage generally. New York, the great financial capital of America, is, unfortunately for the rest of the nation, regarded as its moral and intellectual capital. During the past season, the moral and intellectual taste of New York has shown itself in extravagant support of stupid dramas, vulgar ballets and extravaganzas in music which are below critical notice from judicious writers. The legitimate drama and the Italian opera have failed in New York during the past season. The *Black Crook*, the *Devil's Auction*, the *Grand Duchess of Gerolstein* and the *White Fawn* have absorbed the attention of most of the highly-cultivated citizens of New York.

It is pretty safe to say that one million and a half of dollars have been given in New York, during the past twelve months, to sustain the class of entertainments described above. There is not a particle of real artistic merit, either literary or musical, in all of them put together. The *Black Crook* is stupid and tiresome as a play; but it is a showy spectacle, and there is a wonderful exhibition of unadorned female loveliness; the nudities having taken the place of the unities, in the manufacture of modern theatrical spectacles. The *Devil's Auction*, while not better as a drama, is said to surpass the *Black Crook* in its personal exposures. The *White Fawn*, which is the latest success, appears, from the accounts given, to go beyond both the others in absurdity and indecency. It is distinguished especially, in the eyes of the New Yorkers, by the introduction of a dance only to be seen in the lowest and vilest haunts of Paris, and which silly, vulgar Americans sometimes think worth writing about in letters and articles for the public press, but which sensible gentlemen and ladies, who may chance to have seen it, generally avoid talking about. Even in the subdued form in which it is represented in New York, it is a coarse, ugly exhibition of the vulgar kind of saltation. But it attracts and pleases in New York, while good plays, containing no such indecencies, fail to pay expenses.

The Italian Opera has always had a precarious existence in America; but its refuge has generally been considered to be New York, where the population is great and concentrated, besides being largely composed of foreigners, who are supposed to appreciate and support music and the other fine arts. But the Italian Opera has been a total failure in New York, during the past season. The fashion and the capital of the city have been engrossed by the undress ballets already referred to, and a farcical extravaganza [the *Grand Duchess*] at the French Theatre, a very free and very Frenchy story, set to the poorest and flimsiest of music. It is excessively funny, and when well acted, as it is by the company in New York, it affords a very amusing pastime for an evening. But that its music and its drama should drive out of

fashion for a whole season Mozart, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, Meyerbeer and Gounod; that it and the nudity ballet-dramas should drive out Shakespeare, Colman, Sheridan, and even Tom Taylor, Boucicault and John Brougham, is an impressive illustration of the kind of taste that prevails in the largest and wealthiest city of the United States. The attraction of this absurd and extravagant little farce is enhanced, in New York eyes, by the introduction of the vulgar dance, referred to as a feature of one of the nudity ballets that are so profitable to their managers. The literary merit of the piece is not above that of a common-place farce, and the music is of no higher grade. But, for this season at least, with its vulgarity and its low dance, it has really killed the opera in New York, just as the nudity ballets have killed the drama.

It ought to be some satisfaction to the Philadelphia public that there has been no such catastrophe here. The decent drama continues to be fairly supported, and the Italian Opera, driven by starvation from New York, has been generously and richly sustained. The public of this city has been satisfied with good operas and good plays, and has not craved the senseless and vulgar ballets and the trashy musical farces, miscalled operas, that have been the chief subsistence of the theatre-going public of New York. They have had a chance to try both of these kinds of entertainments and there is a probability that they will have other such chances. But they will laugh at them or be bored with them only a little while, and there is no probability that they will devote themselves, as the New York public has done, to such low trivialities, and will neglect the better class of musical and dramatic entertainments.—*Eve. Bulletin, Philadelphia.*

Mr. Barnett's "Ancient Mariner."

(From the London Chronicle.)

It is pleasant to welcome the meritorious work of an English musician, who, better practised in other branches of his art, now makes the Cantata of *The Ancient Mariner* a first essay of his skill in a very important department. Mr. J. F. Barnett had earned a right to the consideration of the Birmingham directors by his Symphony produced at the concerts of the Musical Society, when those gentlemen offered him a commission to write a Cantata for this year's Festival, the result of which is his setting of Coleridge's celebrated poem.

The feeling is to be respected which prompts a musician to seek among the classics of another art for a theme upon which to exercise his own. It implies some diffidence to hope rather for inspiration from the esteemed work of a revered master than to rely solely upon resources within himself. * * * *

It is a great merit in the present work that, while it eminently preserves the weird character of the poem, it most felicitously evades the full expression of its preternatural horror, and presents it rather in the charmed light of a fairy story than the ghastly glare of a delirious dream. The verses are as realistic in their manner as they are impossible in their matter; and if the sense of clammy moisture that shivers through our entire being when we read them, were to be intensified by the expansion of all the terrible elements of the text under the powerful heat of musical expression, human intelligence would scarcely endure the process without a feeling of revulsion. The conception, then, fulfils a high province of poetry, which veils with grace what would have appeared to be repulsively contorted had its minute portraiture been exaggerated by the protraction and strong emphasis that could have been given to it. The composer has, however, reversed the impression the poem conveys to a reader, by resuming, at the close of the Cantata, the musical ideas presented near the opening by the Mariners' Chorus to the lines commencing—

The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared.

It is true, they are set here to different words; but the suggestion of their recurrence is, surely, that the ship returns safely to port, with its freight of happy, trusting hearts, and under the smiling auspices of the same sunshine that promised a good venture at its outset. The words of the poet are in some sort belied herein; but the effect of the musical composition is materially enhanced, and the melodious character that pervades the whole work is justified. This would have been discrepant with the harrowing feeling of desolation and remorse with which Coleridge leaves us, and under which the Ancient Mariner rehearses the entire narrative.

There is one fault manifest throughout the Cantata—the redundant repetition of words. It is indeed admissible, in the declaration of a sentiment, to reiterate a line, or even a single expression. Thus, to repeat "I love," "I hope," or "I rage," is but to

represent the continuance of the state of loving, hoping, or raging. Upon this principle, it has been the custom of all composers to construct a cantabile movement upon a brief sentence, repeated as frequently as the flow of the melody requires; because this brief sentence paints whatever condition of feeling may be the consequence of the dramatic action. They have always distinguished this from the recitative, portraying the current of emotion that leads up to the moment of reflection, in which the words are never or rarely repeated. Even this custom, however, is much narrowed by the musicians of our own time, conspicuously by Schumann and Robert Franz; under the conviction that if a line of poetry cannot be expressed in one utterance, it will but be depopulated by manifold iteration—a truth which is, in many cases, essentially dramatic, if not operatic. Even if these views are regarded as hypercritical, and the principle accepted upon which Mozart and Handel, and many between and before them, wrote, nothing can justify the repetition of phrases in a narrative, save only the purpose of showing that the narrated incident is repeated. Something worse than prolixity, therefore, results from the very many repetitions that occur in the setting of the poem under notice, which is almost without exception a narrative, and in which, on this account, few phrases can with propriety be set twice. The rare exceptions to the narrative form of the work, namely, the broken dialogue between the Wedding Guest and the Mariner, are, indeed, the places where the iterations against which the present objection is made do not occur. The fault is not a trifling one. It may spring from the composer's little experience in vocal writing, very much of which is needed to enable a musician to develop an idea without recourse to this easy artifice: the attainment of such experience makes a master, and the skill in its application proves him. It may spring from Mr. Barnett's prior practice having been almost exclusively in instrumental composition, and from his belief that it is necessary to apply the same principles of construction to vocal music. This is quite true with regard to the principles; and careful analysis of the more elaborate vocal works of the best masters warrants the conviction that the requisite knowledge for their construction can only have been attained through exercise in forms alike unprompted and unfettered by words. Mr. Barnett, however, appears to have confounded general principles with particular forms, which, when they are mere forms, and as such mostly conventional, limit rather than guide the imagination of an artist. The Songs without Words of Mendelssohn (those published by himself), a series of simple pieces whose production was spread over the whole of the author's life, notably exemplify the gradual abandonment of set forms of construction, combined with an unflinching regard for the principles on which these forms are based; and a comparison of the later with the earliest numbers of this series, will show at a glance the increasing freedom with the advancing experience of the writer. Mr. Barnett has to learn that the recapitulation of musical ideas, which much conduces to the consistency and the interest of an instrumental movement, must often, in vocal composition, give place to some other constructive resource for the attainment of these qualities, without compromising the poetical text. One example may well explain the nature of these objections: let it be drawn from the air, "The fair breeze blew," which relates the ship's entry into the South Seas, the turning of her course, and the rising and the setting of the sun; the recapitulation of the whole of which surely amounts to a statement of the vessel's going back to the south, and again turning northwards, where the phenomena of sunrise and sunset were once more witnessed by the narrator.

Among all that is charming, and much that merits far higher commendation, it cannot be denied that there are some technical points of design and of detail that are open to question. A work, however, of the magnitude and character of the present, is to be tested by a higher standard than the line and rule of the grammarian; and it would be as far beside the purpose to dispraise it for presenting a consecution of fifths, a debateable resolution of a discord, or a descent from a leading note, as to extol it solely for its freedom from such peccadilloes of musical syntax. Moreover, to examine here at length such matters as these would so greatly exaggerate the importance in proportion to the creative and illustrative qualities of the Cantata, and in proportion to its general effect, as to produce an entirely false impression of its merit.

Their consideration, then, may be discarded, for the far pleasanter task of noting some of the chief among the many points of interest wherewith the work abounds. Prominent among these is the Mariners' Chorus, near the beginning, an unsought, flowing stream of music, the felicitous expansion of which constitutes the finale of the Cantata. "And

now the stormblast," is another choral piece of merit, which rises in interest from period to period of its diversified continuance—the passage beginning "And now there came both mist and snow" being remarkably graphic, and that from "And then there came an albatross" really beautiful. This is strikingly melodious, and the harmonic progressions are as new as they are natural and pleasing. From this also unqualified admiration, however, must be reserved a D flat bass note near the close, which obtrudes with conspicuous harshness through the charming smoothness of the phrase.

Further, and very signally, must be applauded the Tenor Aria "Down dropt the breeze," which is one of the most original pieces in the work, is eminently singable, and really pathetic. What is commonly called descriptive music rises to the highest level of the ideal when, as here, it aims at painting, not visible objects, but the feeling these excite in the beholder; and when, as here, it aims successfully—the passage to the words "Water, water everywhere" being a particularly happy instance of such description. Next must be distinguished the chorus "About, about," which is picturesque and full of fire. It must be conceded that this has a savor of Mendelssohn; but Mendelssohn himself might have been pleased to have written it. The aria for contralto, "O sleep," is graceful and singable; its effect in the work would be better if it were sung only once instead of twice through; but this love of repetition is Mr. Barnett's frailty. The animation and continuity of the chorus "The upper air" are its best qualities, of which, however, it possesses so much as to atone for the less merit of its ideas. The quartet "Around, around" presents some charming thoughts, but wants the virtue of compactness. "But tell me, tell me," duet for soprano and contralto, as representing the voices in the air which the Mariner hears during his trance, is admirable at all points. There is no little merit in conceiving and embodying a new idea of the supernatural, now that the Freischütz, Euryanthe, the Midsummer Night's Dream, Melusina, and the Walpurgis Night are universally familiar; and this merit belongs to the author of the present piece, which is as beautiful as new. The aerial effect of the accompaniment and the constant interest of the voice parts ably realize the situation; and their purely musical charm is as great as their rendering of the text is poetical. The Aria for Tenor, "The harbor bay," is a graceful melody in the style of a barcarolle, though written with three in a bar instead of in the customary 6-8 measure, and so evading the vexed question as to the beginning of a rhythmical period at the commencement or middle of a bar. It is eminently vocal, and richly harmonized; second in interest, indeed, to the previous song for the same voice, but second in consequence of the exceptional power in the other, not of any weakness in this. A difficulty which must often diminish the rich effect of the chorus for four female voices supporting a soprano solo, "This seraph band," is the extremely high range of the solo part; and an obstacle to its effective performance is the great demand upon the extremely low notes of the choral contraltos. The necessary means for the execution of this piece, as of the soprano solo throughout the Cantata, are most rare of attainment; but in this instance the end will well repay the endeavor to collect them. "O sweeter than the marriage feast," the final chorus, is, as has been said, a recapitulation of the music that illustrates the commencement of the eventful voyage, with such amplification as was needful to give due importance to the close of a work of the length and pretension of the present.

Enough has been said to show the Cantata to be characterized by poetical conception, fluent invention, and mastery of technical resources—one, in truth, to confute the common prejudice against English musicianship, and one to stimulate self-reliance and mutual confidence among all who practise the musical art in this country. The composer, like another admirable artist of his own generation, Mr. Sullivan, received his musical training in the Royal Academy of Music; and, after four years' novitiate in that nursery of much of the best musical talent in the kingdom, went to Leipzig, also like Mr. Sullivan, less to be taught, than to learn the application of the principles he had already acquired. The reputation of his uncle, the author of "The Mountain Sylph," renders his success all the more interesting. The world will, however, and Mr. Barnett therefore must, regard the present Cantata only as a commencement upon which far higher things must follow, to satisfy the just ambition of an artist or the hopes of his well-wishers.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 1, 1868.

Beethoven's Biographers.

We notice occasionally, in the American and English press, paragraphs, in which the Volumes I., respectively, of Thayer's and Nohl's Beethoven—covering substantially the same part of the master's life—are placed upon a level, as repositories of the facts of the Bonn period. Indeed one from an English periodical, inadvertently admitted into our columns (Journal of Nov. 9), leaves the reader to infer that in this regard Nohl's book even deserves the preference. How far this is the case with the first volume, the reader may decide with some degree of confidence upon perusing the review of Nohl's Vol. I, from the *Leipzig Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, 1864—the most important German musical journal—a translation of which we begin in this number. Of the notes, those followed by a ‡ are given in the original; the others are added by the translator. As to the mere quantity of new facts, and their due chronological arrangement, the comparison is altogether in favor of Thayer's book, which however covers but a small portion of the period embraced in the recently published volume of Nohl, which, we have reason to think, has gained somewhat from the severity with which the first was criticized by all the competent German authorities.

Music in Boston.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS. The fifth, on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 16, was one of the most fully attended and most interesting, to judge from the faces and the silence of the audience—by far the best sign—rather than from the clapping of hands. Silence is sometimes quite the opposite to "apathy." A preference for purely instrumental programmes has manifestly grown upon the audience in these concerts; accordingly the feast again consisted of a grand Symphony, two Overtures and a Concerto, thus:

Overture to "Fierabras," Schubert.
Pianoforte Concerto, No. 1, in C major, Op. 15, (first time) Beethoven.
Allegro con brio.—*Largo.*—*Allegro scherzando.* (Cadenzas by Moscheles.) Schubert.
Overture to "Ruy Blas," Mendelssohn.
Symphony in C major, Schubert.
Introduction and *Allegro.*—*Andante con moto.*—*Scherzo.*—*Finale.*

Schubert was here represented in his best, and copiously. But it seems fated that that splendid Overture to *Fierabras* shall never get here a fair hearing. Twice before has the stillness, in which alone one can come into true relation with such music, been disturbed; this time worse than ever, for belated people would keep bustling into their seats until the very end of it, spoiling the pleasure of the rest. It is too fine a work to be allowed to go unappreciated. Tasking the full force of the modern orchestra, it does not deal in mere sonority, covering paucity or commonness of ideas by imposing brilliancy and fulness of instrumentation. It is thoroughly dramatic, full of compressed inward fire, with which the whole mass is instinct. The long tremolo crescendo with which it opens (done to a charm by the unusually large mass of strings,) in the dark F-minor key, is as exciting as the opening of

Macbeth. A rich burst of four horns follows: but then how sad a theme is taken up, still by the horn, in short, panting phrases, which, short and simple as it is, is deeply, subtly wrought into the whole texture of the overture, giving way now and then to a *fortissimo* Allegro, which for vigor and intensity is hardly to be matched even by those in Weber's Overtures. The wonderful felicity and fitness with which each pregnant bit of theme comes back again and again, in other keys, in other groups of instruments, still with fresh interest and still the same, shows the imaginative, plastic art of a great master, true tone-poet. This young man "has the divine spark in him," said deaf Beethoven, looking over some of his earlier compositions.—Those who did listen, resolutely shutting out disturbance, were deeply moved by the *Fierabras* Overture.

A good thing to compare with it, and form its pendant on the other side of the Concerto, though far from equal to it, only more taking to the careless apprehension, was Mendelssohn's Overture to *Ruy Blas* (C-minor). Also very dramatic, and not a little out of the usual vein of Mendelssohn. It brings in a speaking sort of theme, in short broken phrases, the bassoon being chief spokesman; but this is not deeply wrought into the whole texture, as in the Schubert work; the themes succeed each other more in the free and simple way, that leaves an open melody exposed to ears that have not learned the love of losing themselves in polyphonic involutions (musical variety in unity). But it is a fresh, original, charming overture, never dull and never trivial.

We must speak of that day's performance of the great Schubert Symphony in C as perhaps the highest achievement in symphonic interpretation thus far of a Boston orchestra. A thousand or two people that day quite forgot the dread of a long Symphony, and after listening to the last note of the four long movements, each more glorious and uplifting than the last, could with a sigh of satisfaction echo Schumann's "heavenly length." Surely all that is said of it in what we copied last time from the Crystal Palace programmes, is more than justified in each fair hearing that we get of it; and this was a fair hearing. For so sustained a flight of inspiration, lofty, long and glorious, we can look to no other instrumental work except the greatest of Beethoven's. This is pure creative musical genius, in its most earnest effort, with consummate mastery of largest means. "Glorious" is the word for such a Symphony; you mount Jove's eagle for a flight above the clouds so soon as you submit yourself to its enchantment. "Perpetual repetition" is there of the same passages and phrases? Yes, as there is in the motion of strong wings, or say of chariot wheels that bore the prophet up. But, none the less, perpetual variety, exquisite contrasts and surprises, new colors marvellously flushed o'er everything by some subtle magic of modulation or of instrumental combination. Think of that opening incantation, the soft fairy horn; then the marked contrast, yet relatedness, of the two main themes of the Allegro: the first so bold, adventurous, heaven-storming, ascending the car for the sublime flight,—the second, gay and jubilant, happy songs and harp strains ringing through the air from the elated voyagers,—both richly mingled with a wealth of charming accessory thoughts. Then the thoughtful, solemn march of the *Andante con Moto*,—a movement feeding

upon its own deep, delicious thought, so that its strength is still "renewed like the eagle's." Once, midway in the march, a reverie or trance seems to come over the movement,—we mean (in the words of the article above alluded to), "that wonderfully touching passage, where the horn sounds faintly note after note, while the rest of the orchestra is all hushed and still, as if an angel had descended into the room and were gliding about among the instruments." Then the rousing unison of the strings as the Scherzo bids you shake off dreamy thoughts and soar again, and the quick, blithe answer of the piping reeds and flutes; now a ringing shout, waxing to a hoarse barbaric loudness, anon pausing to listen to its own echoes softly falling in the distance, or to gather some sweet little wayside flower of a fresh musical fancy. Then the Trio, with its wondrous pomp of buoyant and triumphant rhythm! But grandest of all, say we too, is the finale, with its stupendous on-sweep, when it has acquired full swing after the smart challenge of the opening subject, answered by the swarming triplets of the violins with all the reeds accompanying in thirds, as if all the rainbow-robed spirits of the air came hovering round. As it goes on we hardly wonder that the author of the "legend" (Crystal Palace programme) should have dreamed of Phaeton and the Chariot of the Sun. Was there ever a bolder or a more imposing idea (except the marble tread of Mozart's statue, of which they must have reminded more than one) than those tremendous thumps in unison, upon the key note of the Symphony, which startle you at intervals toward the end.

The newspapers are continually announcing "the musical event of the season,"—meaning commonly, for the time being, any cheap sensation that is loudly advertised. Of course you do not take them seriously; but seriously speaking, what musical "event" can our city count in the experience of all the winter thus far, that can be considered quite so rare and so significant as such a listening to such a performance, as we had that Thursday, of such a work as Schubert's Symphony in C? Mr. ZERRAHN may be proud of his orchestra and of his work that day.

Beethoven's Concerto in C, the earliest of the five, though hitherto entirely passed over in favor of the greater ones, fully justified Mr. LANG's choice. It is a lighter, gentler effort than the last three, neither of such deep and spiritual poetry as the one in G, nor at all of the great heroic fervor of the one in E flat; but we think it was found more interesting than the No. 2, in B flat, which we heard last year; and it is full of charming invention, fresh and well-developed thoughts, and of the young Beethoven power. It is very much in the vein and in the style, especially the *Largo*, of some of the early Sonatas. And the three movements are very individual in character. Nothing could open more simply than the orchestra does in the introduction, and the themes for treatment spring up most naturally in its path; pianoforte and orchestra lend equal illustration, now by turns and now together, and the whole development is graceful, clear, symmetrical, delightful. In the piano part there is no great striving after brilliant effects or rioting in intricate embellishment. The ornaments are simple, neat and graceful. There was abundant opportunity for the player to show his good taste, the ease of reserved power, the subjection

of deft, thoroughly practiced hands to expression; all which Mr. Lang eminently did show. And no less in the religious, rich repose of the slow movement, and in the piquant, sportive Rondo of the finale. It was a most elegant and happy rendering of a charming composition with which all were glad to have made acquaintance. To speak of improvement in so accomplished a master of the instrument as Mr. Lang has been for years, would seem supercilious almost; yet we must note with pleasure the more even and subdued force which he now shows in the strong passages, without any sacrifice of contrast or emphatic point.

The programme of this week (of which we shall speak in our next number) is of quite a different character, lighter, yet hardly less interesting. Instead of a great Schubert Symphony, too smaller ones in the old familiar, charming style of Mozart and Haydn—the latter the one in G which pleased so in the third concert; the Mozart is the No. 1, in D, without Minuet. For Overtures, Beethoven's *Coriolanus* and Mendelssohn's *Melusina*. And Mr. OTTO DRESEL, yielding to the solicitation of the whole Committee, plays the D-minor Concerto of Mendelssohn.

The seventh concert will come on Thursday, Feb. 13, and will consist of Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, the Overture to "Anacreon," by Cherubini, Weber's *Jubilee Overture*, and the E-minor Concerto of Chopin, played by Mr. HUGO LEONHARD.

The plan of the eighth and last Concert is not settled. The idea of repeating the Choral Symphony is abandoned, partly for want of time, leaving it to be given, with greater means, in the Handel and Haydn Society's Festival next May. Perhaps Beethoven's "Choral Fantasia," for piano, orchestra and chorus, which seems to contain the first germ of the Symphony, will be performed; with perhaps a repetition of the Schubert Symphony, (for which there is much call), or else the *Eroica*, and another feature would be the "Meeresstille" Overture.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS. Winter has not smiled on the Orchestral Union thus far; snow and rain have caused thin houses. But the concerts have been excellent, both in the classical and in the lighter music, and, if persisted in on the same plan, with the same nicety of execution, must yet draw crowds to the Music Hall. Last week they gave the first Symphony by Gade (C-minor); the Overture to *Ruy Blas*, Mendelssohn, and the pretty one to *La Sirene*, by Auber; a luscious new Strauss Waltz (op. 316!) called "Künstler Leben" (Artist Life); "Spring's awaking" again; and Mr. SCHULTZE, whom it is pleasant to see in his old place at the head of the violins, played a Violin Solo, "Fandango," by Molique.

This week's concert was particularly good, in matter and in execution. "The Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture was very delicately rendered; and the beautiful E-flat Symphony of Mozart, with its stately introduction, its witching Minuet and Trio, its continual unfolding of fresh charms through all the movements, made all forget the storm that raged without. The sweet, solemn music of the Bridal Procession in Wagner's *Lohengrin*, albeit somewhat overstrained, and crowded in the harmony, was heard with interest. The Strauss Waltz was one of the most exhilarating of the tribe, and was called "Village Swallows." Mr. HEINICKE gave a good Cornet rendering of a popular German ballad: "How fair thou art." The concert ended with the Overture to *Yvona*, by Reissiger. The bassoon and clarinet pairs, to which Mozart seems so partial, made themselves very fascinating in the Symphony.

Next Wednesday we hope the Union will have a crowded hall.

GIRL'S HIGH AND NORMAL SCHOOL. We spent a most interesting hour last Saturday in this school in Mason Street,—the fine flower and completion of our public school system. It was a musical exercise—a concert in fact—arranged by Mr. EICHBERG, who has been their teacher for the past year, for the reward and fresh excitement of the pupils, and for the pleasure of some of the School Committee and a few invited guests. The young ladies, four or five hundred we should think, made the whole room a scene of beaming intelligence and beauty. There was a set programme, in which three-part choruses by Abt, Rossini, &c., beautifully sung by the fresh maiden voices, alternated with selections of classical Chamber music. These were: the Andante and Variations from Beethoven's string Quartet, op. 18, No. 5, played artistically by Messrs. Eichberg, Ford, and the brothers H. and A. Suck. Nothing could enhance the intrinsic charm of the music more than to witness the sincere delight in all those attent faces. The Allegro and Adagio from Beethoven's Violin Sonata in F were finely played by Mr. Eichberg and Mr. Sharland, chief singing teacher in the Grammar Schools, whom we may compliment upon the excellence he has so quietly acquired as a pianist. A "Religious Meditation" by Mr. Eichberg, really beautiful, was played by himself (violin) and Mr. Thayer on the reed organ; followed by an arrangement for violin, organ and piano of the Andante in Beethoven's E-flat Quintet. Mr. Sharland played some of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words. Finally a good "Religious March," by Mr. Eichberg, humorously announced by him as "by a German composer of the last century."

All these fine things found eager audience. Treats of classical Chamber music in a free school! Is not this a new idea? And is it not an admirable one? This is bringing models of pure art, the quintessence of music, home to every pupil in the advanced classes, and is like surrounding their school room with the immortal works of Raphael and Titian. Refining influence, a higher taste, must come from it. Art in its higher models quickens them, at the same time that, beginning at the other end, in humble rudiments, they are taught to read simple music and to sing. A brief examination by the teacher occupied a pause in the concert, and a few unexpected questions showed the girls to be clear in their minds about intervals, major and minor scales, &c., and that they had been successfully taught to identify the notes of short musical phrases played to them, and dictate them for the teacher to write upon the blackboard.

DEATH OF MORITZ HAUPTMANN. Another of the foremost musical characters of our time has passed away. Moritz Hauptmann, loved and revered by all the Leipzig students (of whom we have not a few here in America), long time the occupant of old Sebastian Bach's place as "Cantor" of the Thomasschule, and professor in the Conservatorium, died in Leipzig, after a somewhat lengthy illness, on the third of January. Only last October they were celebrating his 75th birthday and his 25th year "Jubilee" as Cantor, with feast and music, mainly from his own compositions. A brief notice in the *Neue Zeitschrift* tells us:

"Hauptmann was born in Dresden, Oct. 13, 1792. His father, superintendent of the board of works there, seeing the boy's strong tendency for music, had him at an early age instructed in the violin, the piano and in harmony, although intending him to be an architect. But finally, owing to the favorable reception of some of his son's attempts at composition, he yielded to his wish and sent him for more earnest

musical studies to Spohr in Gotha. A year later, 1812, he got an appointment as violinist in the royal capelle in Dresden. In 1813 he took leave of absence to go and study half a year in Vienna, whither Spohr had gone as theatre conductor. In Dresden H. lived till 1815, and in that time wrote a Mass in G minor (now lost) and other church pieces, many songs, a string Quartet, a Violin Sonata, occasional Cantatas, Fugues, &c. In 1815 he went as music teacher with the family of Prince Replin to Pultawa, where he found rich leisure to pursue his studies in counterpoint, mathematics and natural sciences, and to complete various compositions, especially his opera *Mathilde*. In 1820 he returned to Dresden, where he lived a private citizen till 1822, and composed his string Quartet, op. 7, and his vocal Mass in F minor. Then he was called as violinist to the Court orchestra in Cassel, in which position, chained especially by Spohr, he remained for twenty years, exerting a great influence as a theoretic teacher and creating several of his principal works, such as the 'Salve Regina' and the G-minor Mass. His opera 'Mathilde' was repeatedly brought out with success. In 1841 he married Susette Hummel, daughter of the Director of the Academy there.

In 1842 he was called to Leipzig as Cantor and Music Director of the Thomas Church, and in 1843 he became a teacher in the newly founded Conservatorium.—The good he has done there for a quarter of a century is too well known to need more words at present.

MR. PAINE'S MASS.—It is now pretty certain that we shall soon have an opportunity to hear this very elaborate and meritorious composition of our young countryman,—a Mass on the largest scale—too large to be available in the Church service,—for full choir, orchestra and soli. It was warmly received last summer in Berlin; and now the friends of Mr. Paine, including the President and Professors at Cambridge and many of the most musical citizens of Boston, have resolved that the heavy pecuniary risk involved shall be no bar to its having a fair hearing here at home. We take pleasure in publishing the following note:

Boston, Dec. 4, 1867.—J. K. Paine, Esq.,—Dear Sir,—We have heard with much pleasure of the approbation with which your Mass was received by the severely critical audience of the Berlin Sing-Academie. In the hope that your efforts in a noble and difficult region of art may be recognized and appreciated by your countrymen, we would suggest that you take measures for the production of your composition in Boston the coming season. Assuring you of our hearty cooperation in any way in which we can be helpful. We are sincerely your friends, Benjamin Peirce, Thomas Hill, R. E. Athorp, B. A. Gould, J. P. Putnam, H. W. Pickering, J. Baxter Upham, Theron J. Dale, C. A. Bartol, J. R. Lowell, H. W. Longfellow, F. J. Child, John S. Dwight, B. F. Dwight, H. Ware, Samuel Jennison, B. J. Lang, Walcott Gibbs.

Mr. Paine having accepted this invitation, and subscriptions having come in liberally and eagerly, the Concert will be given on Easter Sunday Evening (April 12), at the Boston Music Hall, with a Full Chorus from the Handel and Haydn Society, the Orchestra of the Harvard Musical Association, and the best Solo talent. The price of tickets, with secured seats, is One Dollar each. Those, whom the subscription paper has not reached, will find Mr. Peck, at the Music Hall, cheerfully ready to aid them in picking out good seats.

A COMPLIMENT WORTH HAVING.—The following has already been the rounds of the newspapers, yet our musical record would not be complete without it.

THE ABBE LISZT TO THE MESSRS. CHICKERING.—The Abbe Liszt, the greatest of European pianists, has just addressed to the Messrs. Chickering the fol-

lowing letter, the only testimonial in favor of a pianoforte maker which he has ever given in Europe or America.

[TRANSLATION.]

ROME, Dec. 26, 1867.

"Messrs. Chickering: It is very agreeable to me to add my name to the concert of praises of which your pianos are the object.

"To be just I must declare them perfect, and perfectissimes (superlatively perfect).

"There is no quality which is foreign to them. Your instruments possess in the supreme degree nobility and power of tone, elasticity and security of touch, harmony, brilliancy, solidity, charms and prestige; and thus offer a harmonious ensemble of perfections to the exclusion of all defects.

"Pianists of the least pretensions will find means of drawing from them agreeable effects; and in face of such products—which truly do honor to the art of the construction of instruments—the role of the critic is as simple as that of the public; the one has but to applaud them conscientiously and with entire satisfaction, and the other but to procure them in the same manner.

In congratulating you sincerely upon the great and decisive success obtained at the Exposition at Paris, I am pleased to anticipate the happy continuation of the same in all places where your pianos will be heard, and I beg that you accept, gentlemen, the expression of my most distinguished sentiments of esteem and consideration."

(Signed)

F. LISZT.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—This association, which completed the thirtieth year of its useful life yesterday, met in its new and pleasant library room, No. 120 Tremont street, last evening, for the first time, to elect officers and transact the ordinary business of the annual meeting. Mr. Henry W. Pickering, the president, occupied the chair. The record of the last meeting was read by the recording secretary, Mr. Henry Ware. Mr. John S. Dwight read the report of the directors, which was a document of considerable length and great interest, presenting an encouraging view of the condition of the association, and offering several valuable suggestions for increasing still further its efficiency and usefulness. The report of the treasurer, Mr. Samuel L. Thorndike, showed that the expense of fitting up the new room had necessarily encroached somewhat upon the income of the concert fund, and expressed a belief that the fund could be restored by proper measures during the ensuing year. The librarian's report enumerated many valuable additions to the library during the past year. The old board of officers, consisting of the following gentlemen, was reelected.

President, Henry W. Pickering.

Vice-President, John S. Dwight.

Recording Secretary, Henry Ware.

Corresponding Secretary, Francis H. Underwood.

Treasurer, Samuel L. Thorndike.

Directors at Large, C. F. Shilmin, B. J. Lang.

The association now numbers one hundred and ten active members and seven honorary members. Its annual supper will take place at the rooms of Mr. J. B. Smith, caterer, in Bulfinch street, next Monday evening.—*Advertiser*, Jan. 21.

NEW YORK, JAN. 20.—On Saturday evening, Jan. 18th, at Irving Hall, occurred the second of MASON and THOMAS'S soirées of chamber music. Mr. Mason was the pianist and will alternate, during the season, with Mr. Mills at these concerts. The audience was about as large as on the former occasion and we had the appended programme:—

Quartet, A-minor, Op. 9.....Volkman.
Trio, (F. F.) Op. 90, B-flat.....Schubert.
Quartet, E-minor, Op. 69, No. 2.....Beethoven.

Of the Volkman Quartet it may be remarked that one ought to hear it—or any other new work—several times before giving a decided and absolute opinion; but it is safe to say that this Quartet seems to lack unity and force and is of unequal merit. For instance the third movement, an extremely neat Presto with a beautifully quaint Trio, has nothing in common with the other movements: it would appear that no sustained purpose underlies the whole.

The Schubert Trio is too well known to musicians to need many words: the Andante—practically a 'song without words'—taken firstly as a solo by the 'cello with piano accompaniment, is calculated to delight even those whose appreciation of advanced art is very small. It seemed the essence of melody.

Mr. Mason played the piano in his usual polished, refined and gentlemanly style; but, why will he not give us a little more fire and passion? That is just the one thing needful to make his playing very enjoyable.

The effect of the Beethoven Quartet, as well as that of the other pieces, was somewhat marred by the fact that the 'cello was not in accord with the other instruments; this was, of course, painful.

Why would it not be well for Messrs. M. and T. to adopt analytical programmes? At the Monday Popular Concerts and at the Matinées of the Musical Union (London), pamphlet programmes are gotten up containing—often—a short sketch of the composer of each work performed, and also short excerpts from the work itself; these little books are very attractive and interesting and find a ready sale—at the concerts I have mentioned—from two reasons; firstly because of their intrinsic excellence, and secondly because one can get no other programme: they are occasionally too voluminous:—I have one in which there are some twenty pages devoted to Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 106, and to Madame Arabella Goddard's performance of the same.

The next Soirée will be given on Saturday evening, February 29th, when the Beethoven Piano Trio in B-flat, Op. 97, will be the principal attraction.

JAN. 27.—On Saturday Evening, Jan. 25th, occurred the 3d Brooklyn Philharmonic Concert. The orchestra numbered 48; Mme. Ackermann (soprano) Mr. G. F. Hall (baritone), Messrs. Schmitz and Lotze (French horns), and F. Letsch (trombone), were the soloists. I quote such portions of the programme as are worthy of notice:—

1. Symphony, No. 4, Op. 90, A-major.....Mendelssohn.
2. Trio, Andante, 2 horns and trombone.....Bergmann.
3. Poème Symphonique "The Ideal".....Liszt.

The "Italian" Symphony—as it is termed—was written in 1833, and, although called No. 4, is really No. 2, antedating the "Scotch" (No. 3) by some nine years, and was not published until after the author's death. It is of course a charming work; the freshness and grace of the opening movement, the quaintness and dignified sadness of the Andante, (I once heard this movement played by Pasdeloup's orchestra in Paris, and it was enthusiastically encored), the quietude of the Minuetto, with its warm interrogative horn Trio, and the wild rush and hurry of the Saltarello presto,—all form a whole of wonderful variety, completeness and unity. It was well played, but had the orchestra been larger the effect had been finer, for a little thinness was occasionally noticeable. A fine analysis (by J. S. D.) of the Symphony was printed upon the programme.

The Trio by Bergmann for two French horns and trombone is a very pleasing composition; while not surprisingly original, it is melodious and attractive and some of the harmonic changes are very neat; the transition of the theme from the original key into G-major has a pleasing effect. It was demonstratively encored.

Mme. Ackermann sang an Aria from Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*. She seems to possess a very fair voice and a sufficiently good memory to sing without score; unfortunately she sang fearfully sharp and there was at least a quarter of a tone between her voice and the orchestra. I observed a printed notice, at the foot of the programme, to this effect:—"The vocalist for each of the remaining concerts will be the best available." I am to infer—I suppose—that good singers refuse to cross the Fulton Ferry.

The "Ideal" poem, performed at the Symphony Soirée two weeks ago, was inflicted upon the patient Brooklynites, who bore the visitation with noble fortitude and a cheerful resignation pleasant to behold.

At the next concert the attractions will be Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, and Mozart's P. F. Concerto in D-minor, to be played by Richard Hoffman.

F.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Ah, ha! now your Highness may see. (The Complaint.) *Grand Dutchess.* 40
We, merry hearted. (En tres bon ordre.) Song, *Grand Dutchess.* 60
Mount, away! (A cheval!) Song and Chorus. *Grand Dutchess.* 30
Grenadier, why these grimaces. (Que veut dire cette grimace.) Duet. *Grand Dutchess.* 75
Count Max. (Max etait.) Song and Chorus. *Grand Dutchess.* 40
At the repast. (Au repas.) Song and Chorus. *Grand Dutchess.* 40
Six new selections. The first is poor Fritz's mourning over his beating, which we may be sorry for also, as he and Wanda are the only really good-hearted characters in the play. The second is the account of the battle, to a most sprightly melody. The third is very spirited, and the same is true of the last. The pretty duet between Wanda and her lover, and the story of Count Max close the list.

She lives near the old Mohawk. Song. *C. W. Moore.* 35
I will not be with you long. Song and Chorus, *C. A. White.* 35
The Outcast. Where are the friends. Song and Chorus. *Hicks.* 35
Parting thoughts. Ballad. *Turner.* 30
Don't borrow trouble, love. Song. *Wellman.* 40
Little Flo. Song and Chorus. *C. W. Moore.* 30
She sleeps mid the flowers. Song and Chorus. *Lutz.* 30
Row on, I'd have thee by my side. Song and Chorus. *Holder.* 30
The wind at night. Song. *A. H. Morton.* 50
Sweet Willie. Song and Chorus. *T. B. Bishop.* 30
Bright eyes are glistening. Song. *Hobson.* 30

All these are well constructed ballads and songs by men who know just what will please the public, and contain a great deal of good melody.
Let her rip. Song and Chorus. *Moore.* 30
We'll march round the world. Song. *"* 30
Starlight Nell, or the Gypsy's song. *Cherry.* 30
The Secret. Song. *Bassford.* 30
Have you seen Ruth. Song. *Laybourne.* 30
Dickens is the man. Song. *"* 30
Ada with the golden hair. Song. *C. W. Moore.* 30
Popular style, but lighter than the preceding, and with a comic element.

Instrumental.

Grand Dutchess Quadrille. *Strauss.* 40
" " " *Strauss arr. by Knight.* 40
These contain favorite melodies, differently arranged.
Can can Galop. *Grand Dutchess.* 40
Phrensic dance of the conspirators which has, however, a pleasing melody.
Grand Dutchess March. *Mack.* 40
Quite inspiring.
Heather bell Waltz. *Baker.* 30
Pretty and not difficult.
Arcadian Mazourka. *Hawthorne.* 30
A reminiscence of Arcadia, perhaps, with acceptable music.
Arms Waltz. *Gudera.* 1.00
Fine vignette of the coats of arms "of all nations," and dedicated to the young ladies of Rutgers' Institute, New York.
Soldier boy's March. "Crystal Gems." *Kinkel.* 30
Mabel Waltz. " " " 30
Fairy Tale Polka. " " " 30
All pretty, and admirably arranged for beginners.
Iron Boots Quickstep. For Guitar. *Hayden.* 25
Warblings at eve. " " " 25
Brightest eyes Galop. " " " 25
Monastery Bells. " " " 25
Old friends in a new dress.
Reminiscences of Bruges. (Carillon.) *S. Smith.* 70
The Bells of Bruges no doubt rang merrily when Smith was there; and their chimes resound through this brilliant piece.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

